

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. IX. No. 442. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION! A BELCHING FORTH OF HEAVENLY FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM AT HAND.

The Crater Already
in a State of
Ferment.

INDICATIONS OF ACTIVITY
AND FIERY FORCE.

Sundry Explosions Already
Reported.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS ARE
LOOKING FOR PHENOMENAL
MANIFESTATIONS.

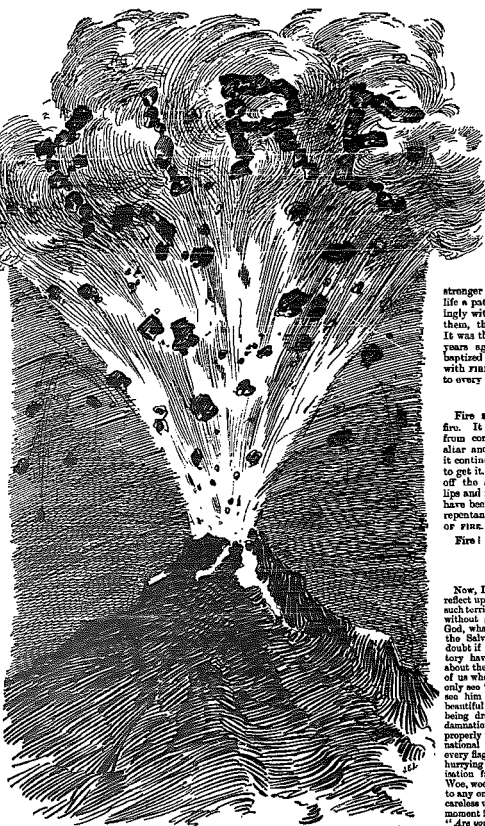
COMRADES, there is fire to be had to inflame every poor soul on earth. Look at the sun, and consider how much fire there is there, continually spending itself, and never apparently growing low. Look at this earth of ours, which is little else than a ball of fire with a thin coating round. And yet for centuries and centuries the fire has burned and never gone out. It is still strong enough to be felt before you get half a mile below the surface.

IN THE EARTH AND THE SUN—WHY NOT IN YOUR SOUL?

And think you if there is all this reserve of fire in the sun and in the earth, there is not an boundless and inexhaustible store of spiritual fire, sufficient to inspire angels and arch-angels, and with enough to spare to inspire every living soul on earth? Oh, believe it! There is. Plenty, and more than plenty. There is no stint of heavenly things. This earth and the sun are said to be burning out, slowly, but surely, and to be losing their power. But this heavenly fire only increases in force and intensity, and will continue to increase right on through time and through eternity. That is what makes the brightness and glory of the saints in heaven to increase for ever and ever. And that is what will make the flames of the sinners' hell hotter and hotter as long as eternity shall last. Oh! God is a consuming fire in very deed and in truth.

IF INSIDE, WILL MANIFEST ITSELF OUTSIDE.

Look at this volcano belching forth fiery flames, shaking the very ground and splitting its sides with the force of its effort. That is the power of fire. It is the fire in the earth, shut



up, imprisoned, caged-in, seeking an outlet, rocking the earth, overthrowing towns and cities, until at length it either finds or makes some great opening for itself; some great mouth out of which it pours itself forth in one irresistible torrent of living flame.

"THE VERY SAME POWER."

Flames of fire. That is what the saints are called to be on earth. Oh, this is a very literal fact, applicable to the people of this generation as much as to the people in the Bible. Flames of fire, burning brighter and brighter, and stronger and stronger; making their life a pathway of light, fed overwhelmingly with the fire of Heaven within them, the fire of the Holy Ghost. It was the promise a thousand years years ago and more—Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. And this is the promise to every generation. Fire!

NOW FOR IT.

Fire reads. So does spiritual fire. It goes from heart to heart, from corps to corps. Here is the altar and here is the fire burning on it continually, and here is the place to get it. It was the live coals from off the altar that touched Isaiah's lips and made him a prophet. You have been baptized with water unto repentance, NOW FOR THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Fire!
Fire!
FIRE!

Now, I say honestly that I can never reflect upon this duty, explained with such terrible clearness in Ezekiel xxxiii., without getting uneasy. My God, what an answer each one of us in the Salvation Army has to give! I doubt if any people in the world's history have talked and sung so much about the devil as we do. And those of us who are faithful to our duty, not only see "the enemy coming," but we see him come. We not only see the beautiful men and women around us being dragged away into captivity and damnation; but if we use our eyes properly we see the vastest process of national destruction going on under every flag. We see nations after nation hurrying with all the appliances of civilization faster and faster to its doom. We see, too, ten thousand times more to any one of us who takes a light or careless view of his obligations at such a moment!—Commissioner Bullion on "Are you a Soldier?" in English Cry.

Amongst those who were present were, Staff-Inspector Archibald and wife, Joseph Tait, M.P., Mrs. J. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Miss Kilgour, Miss Smith, Miss Marriott, Miss Summers, and others. After

A Refreshing Cup of Tea

and a pleasant chat with our friends, a tour of inspection is proposed. The Commandant lends the way; let us follow him, and get a glimpse into this new Houno.

Up three flights of stairs, rather steep and narrow, it is true, but a peep into the

specialties, the history of the New York City, Capt. Cowan's prison experience, and a number of other interesting matters. It will also contain a number of nice illustrations.

D. O. BOLTON DILATES.

Many thanks for the advance copy of the *Easter War Cry*. It is *great*. I must say you and your staff have your heads on right.

BEST EVER PUBLISHED.

RE THE EASTER WAR CRY—Just grand, best ever published. Before having it two days, I read it from cover to cover. "While I sold them, I just had to show it to my old world come the time. They went so fast, I had to hurry around the last end of my journey, for fear they would come out and tell me, and I would not have enough for my good friends."—J. R.

SOLD OUT. **SAPORITE.**

IF you can send me six or seven more Easter Crys, I shall feel obliged, as we shall all read them, and there are some who would like it still.

—

WHAT A SOLDIER THINKS.

THE Easter Cry, just to hand. Both it and the supplements are very fine, and reflect great credit on the author. I have read them, and they will sell like hot cakes.—J. R.

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3. Hunt up all the celebrities in your country. You will find all sorts of people straggled away in the background who would do well with a bit of airing. Hunt them out. That brother who was shipwrecked, and kidnapped, or broke his arm in an encounter with the police before he was saved, or in a street scrimmage, or a fist-fight in the bush. Or some colored brother or sister who can tell of hairbreadth escapes with a loaded revolver. Write them up, and write them up. Likely

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ours are for God and the Cross.

The old power is distinct from the new plans. God is in-

MONTREAL I.

Corps History.

Mount Royal—A Nice Resort—Immigrants—Superstition—Arrest of the Invaders—Panic—Rampant—The Devil is a Day—Small Pox Devastation—The First Break—Another Arrest—Formation of the Great Host.

BY RANDOLPH K. SCRIBNER.

Montreal is splendidly situated, the founders of this city having chosen a site favored by nature. To the north-west lies Mount Royal, which affords considerable protection to the inhabitants during severe weather. During the summer months its crest is the resort of scores of the hard-working portion of the population, seeking to recruit their exhausted strength by inhaling the balmy breezes which blow down from the north. The winter finds it enveloped in snow, and many a tramp over its summit do the hardy sons of toil enjoy. To the south runs the mighty St. Lawrence. For six months of each year there is carried on its waters a heavy trade in furs, and a vast number of

Emigrants and Travelers are constantly moving backward and forward during the season of navigation, consequently the population is of mixed origin, the majority of whom are French-Canadians.

Religion is indeed plentiful judging the same by the number and size of its churches. Yet, how diversely wicked is this place, taking as our guide the numerous haunts of sin and idleness which abound.

Superstition and ignorance are rampant among the poor, hence no one need be astonished at their determination to give the Salvationists all the blood and as much fire as they would need. At length the following announcement appeared:—

BLOOD-AND-FIRE.

Salvation Army

WILL BE HELD

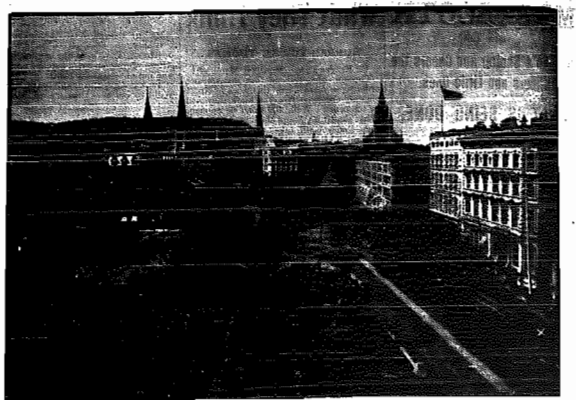
MONTREAL,
AND COMMENCE OPERATIONS

ON

Sunday, 15th December, 1894,

AT THE

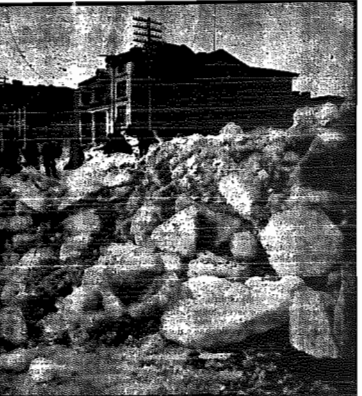
WEBER HALL, ST. JAMES STREET.



VICTORIA SQUARE.—Cross shows place of the arrest of the invading Party.



THE INVADING FORCE.



ICE SHOVE.

D. It, on purpose to avoid those detachments, proceeded by way of St. Peter Street towards the wharf, thinking to reach the commodore when they would not be interfered with, else to awaken in the minds of the hunger a sense of their condition.



BANDMAN SMITH.

Before anyone could arrest him, he had disappeared. He had been seen by the soldiers, but only carried them to the barracks. He had been seen by the soldiers, but only carried them to the barracks.

On one day the souls passed into Eternity. A request from the Chief Magistrate to suspend the marches during this period was complied with.

The first break in the ranks was made by the soldier who shot down the first man. The first break in the ranks was made by the soldier who shot down the first man.

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The Work of Devastation went along so peacefully as dawn's morning light. House after house was plundered; whole blocks were strangely altered with colored labels, telling to the passer by that this disease had fastened itself upon some person living therein. Business was at a standstill. People walked about with faces fearfully unattractive. As soon as a victim was discovered, they hurried him; no wonder that the way to the cemetery seemed now a cruel funeral cortege.

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person himself might soon, like himself, however, to those away in the West. Visiting St. James, P.Q. the request of St. Paul's, was at an attempt was made to exterminate them, but failed.

Several have been through the ordeal, and the few who remain trust the Army have had luck. Our present land owner, Thomas Smith, is a kindly man, and he has been through the ordeal, and the few who remain trust the Army have had luck.

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in love and determination to fight to win, to be like my Master, "going about doing good"; to live a saintly life, to deal for eternity with every soul I meet, to live that my life work may stand the test of eternity's years, and that God and my beloved angels may ever reckon upon me for joyful service under the flag.

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Salvation Lexicon

A letter with which a great deal of feeling is done in the way of persecution.

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(e) The Maritime and Newfoundland Provinces

It is a delight to have so many comrades one can speak well of. Brigadier Barritt was my predecessor in the British Field Secretaryship. It was a pleasure to follow him. His industry, care, and piety were those of a man of God. In enterprise, I have not seen his equal outside a favored few. Mrs. Barritt has had many years of Army experience as an officer, and will be invaluable in assisting her husband, and Mrs. Booth. God bless their coming to this city.

Adjutant Collier has worked as hard as any D.O. in Canada during his command of the Barrie Division. He probably goes to Windsor, and will take the oversight of the District, and the command of the Windsor corps. Dear Adjutant Collier! Neither wind or weather, snow-drift or blizzard, could prevent him going round to his stations. Ho

newspaper on the show, which isn't saying very much. But then, we ought to leave the newspaper behind, two or three miles away. Keep believing! We are coming on.

interesting. We ought to be able to make up an interesting series of paragraphs as any newspaper on the show, which isn't saying very much. But then, we ought to leave the newspaper behind, two or three miles

away. Keep believing! We are coming **ON THE WAR CRY**
on.

